

Spirit of the Times.

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POETRY.

The Louisville Journal thus speaks of the following beautiful lines: "One might almost wish to die if he knew that so beautiful a tribute as this would be written to his memory!"

ROBERT A. WHYTE.

LATE EDITOR OF THE GEORGIA HOME GAZETTE.

On the "boom" of a river
Where the sun unobscured his quiver
On the starlight strewn forever,
Bathed a vessel light and free,
Morning dew-drops hung, like manna,
On the bright folds of her banner,
While the zephyr rose to fan her,
Softly to the radiant sea.

At her brow, a pilot beaming
In the flush of youth's dreamy gleaming,
And he was in glorious seeming
Like an eagle from above,
Through his hair the breeze floated
And as the wave he floated
Off that pilot, angel-breathed
Washed away of hope and love.

Through those locks so brightly flowing,
Buds of luteal bloom were throwing
Music from a lyre of gold.
Swiftly down the stream he glided—
Soft the purple waves divided,
And a rainbow arch appeared
On his canvas snowy fold.

Anxious hearts, with fond devotion,
Watched him sailing to the ocean,
Praying that no wild commotion
Might the elements might rise,
And he seemed some young Apollo
Charming summer winds to follow,
While the water flags corolla
Trembled to his music sighs.

But those purple waves enchanted
Rolled beside a city haunted
By an awful spell, that daunted
Every countenance there,
Night-shades rank the air encompassed
And pale marble statues numbered
Where the lute-arches slumbered
And awoke to life no more.

Then there rushed with lightning quickness
Over his face a mortal sickness,
And the dew in fearful thickness
Gathered o'er his temples fair,
And there swept a dying murmur
Through the lovely Southern summer
As the beautiful pilot came
Perished by that city there.

Still rolls on that radiant river,
And the sun unobscured his quiver
On the starlight strewn forever
On its bosom
But the vessel's rainbow banner
Gleets no more the gay Savannah,
And that pilot's lute drops manna
On the purple waves no more.

JULIA FLEASANT.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Home Education.

We have many Colleges, Academies and High Schools, and numerous other institutions which afford public and private means of instruction; and yet it does seem to me that the great prevalent error among our people, consists in this, that they attach the idea of education to something which can only be found away from home. The general idea that prevails among parents is, to inquire for some Boarding School, High School, Academy or College, in which they may place their sons or daughters, in order that they may receive that kind of instruction necessary to qualify them to enter upon the discharge of the duties of active life. Many parents seem to think that home is the proper place to eat, drink, talk, and sleep; but that is all. The Almighty has left us, in his word, three positive institutions—the Church, the Family, and Civil Government.—These have existed in some form, in every age of the world. Other institutions have arisen, and are before us and among us; they come and go to be seen no more. But the whole fabric of society may be changed; government may be rent asunder; new dynasties take the place of old, a volcanic tempest may sweep over the whole face of civilization; yet, as soon as the necessary time would elapse for the settling down of society into some form, shape and order, these three institutions, ordained of Heaven, would appear—the Family, the Church, and Civil Government.

The first of these is the Family; and it is in this institution that we must look for an education that shall be worthy of the age and nation in which we live.—There is much implied in the phrase, "Home Education." It is not the proper cultivation of the mere intellect—it is the proper training of the heart, the affections, and the social qualities. I do not believe that any man, let his intellectual attainments be what they may, is fit to go forth into society, if he has not had thrown around him, the genial and the purifying influence of the Family Government.

We cannot maintain and perpetuate our glorious form of government, in its purity and excellence, by depending alone on the Colleges and Universities of the land. We must look to the education that controls and shapes the family circle. There can be no love of country where there is no love of home.—True patriotism derives its mighty power from the fountain that gush out round the hearth-stone; and those who forget to cherish household interests, will soon learn to look with indifference on the interests of their country.

I know a man of great wealth, an active member of the bar for twenty years, who resides near the capital of Indiana. He is the father of nine sons, two of whom are ministers of different religious denominations. Of these, one has traveled in foreign lands and has interested and delighted many American audiences by imparting to them knowledge he had acquired abroad. Two are among the most industrious and successful farmers of our State. One is a most gentlemanly conductor upon one of our railroads; another, under twenty years of age, has penetrated the wilderness northwest of Lake Superior, as far as Pembina, and

returned with a mind well filled with useful knowledge. Another is in active business in a produce store on the shores of Lake Michigan, and the two youngest are now scholars in a district school.—I heard one of these sons say, at the age of twenty-two, that he was never in a Court House to hear a trial, or to be sworn as a witness.

The father to whom I have referred, has a little domestic government at home. It is his practice, in his family, to hold frequent consultations, in which each member takes a part, in the discussion and determination of all questions affecting their duties, interests, and responsibilities, in the affairs of life. He taught his sons to think, to work, to labor.—He has been able to invest practicable labor with an interest that cheers the hearts of all around him, and thus gives to his home the grace, refinement and attraction that God designed a home should possess. The results of this system of home education, are seen in the good constitutions, physical strength, good morals, industrious habits, and in the practical application of useful knowledge, acquired by collegiate studies.—Address by Governor Joseph A. Wright of Indiana.

How to be Beautiful.

The following passage is from one of Prof. Upham's letters to the *Congregationalist*. He is speaking of the captain of the steamer in which he sailed from New York:—

"As we were about to start, I saw him move to an elevated position above the wheel; and it was interesting to observe how quickly and completely the inward thought or purpose alters the outward man. He gave a quick glance to every part of the ship. He cast his eye over the multitude coming on board the ship, among whom was the American ambassador to England, who, if the captain may be said to embody the ship, may be said with equal truth to embody in his official person, a nation's right and honor. He saw the husbands and wives, the mothers and children entrusted to his care; and his slender form as he gave the orders for our departure, seemed at once to grow more erect and firm; the muscles of his face swelled; his dark eyes gleamed with a new fire; and his whole person expanded and beautified itself by the power of inward emotion. I have often noticed this interesting phenomenon; and have come to the conclusion that if man, or woman either, wishes to realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble hopes and purposes—by having something to do, and something to live for which is worthy of humanity—and which, by expanding the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it."

Two on Earth and Two in Heaven.

"LADY, how many children have you?" "Four," was the prompt reply. "I have two on earth, and two in heaven!" Thou art mother of angels, then! They are yet young, only gone before! Yet remembered, loved, and cherished! Their places are not yet filled, though their successors draw life from the same breast that their predecessors' dying heads were pillowed on.

"Two in Heaven!" "No pain, no sickness there, nor drooping head, nor failing eye, nor weary feet. Rejoicing in the heavenly pastures, guarded by the Good Shepherd—little lambs of the heavenly fold."

"Two in Heaven!" "Earth, then, is less attractive.—Eternity seems nearer. Those invisible little spiritual cords twine around you, and draw your soul upward. Like still small voices, ever whispering, 'Come to the world, where spirits live.'"

"Two in Heaven!" "Mother of cherubs! walk softly! Little angels watch thy steps. Spirit forms stoop to listen! Keep thy soul free from earth; thou shalt go to them, though they cannot return to thee!"

Authority.

EXAGGERATE people by their affections, convince their reason, and they will be loyal from the only principle that can make loyalty sincere, vigorous or rational, a conviction that it is for their true interest, and that their government is for their good. Constraint is the natural parent of resistance, and a pregnant proof that reason is not on the side of those who use it. You must remember Lucian's pleasant story:—

"Jupiter and a countryman were walking together, conversing with great familiarity on the subject of heaven and earth. The countryman listened with attention and acquiescence while Jupiter tried only to convince him; but happening to hint a doubt, Jupiter turned hastily round, and threatened him with his thunder. 'Ah, ah,' said the countryman, 'now, Jupiter, I know that you're wrong; you are always wrong when you appeal to your thunder!'—*Erskine*.

MERRY OLD AGE.—Cornaro was merry at ninety-five; Cato studied Greek at eighty; Charles Kemble did the same, or rather "brushed up" his old Greek when he was nearly as old as Cato; Gibber, when still older, mortally replied to one who declared that he looked well, that "at eighty-four it was well that he looked at all"; and there was the Countess of Desmond, who was, perhaps, the merriest of all, for she

"Lived to the age of a hundred and ten. And died of a fall from a cherry-tree then."

HUMOROUS.

From the Clock Maker.

TAMING A SHREW.

The road from Amherst to Parrsboro is tedious and uninteresting. In places it is made so straight, that you can see several miles of it before you, which produces an appearance of interminable length, while the stunted growth of the spruce and birch trees bespeak a cold, thin soil, and invests the scene with a melancholy and sterile aspect. Here and there occurs a little valley, with its meandering stream, and verdant and fertile intervals, which though possessing nothing peculiar to distinguish it from many others of the same kind, strikes the traveler as superior to them all, from the contrast to the surrounding country. One of these secluded spots attracted my attention, from the number and neatness of the buildings which its proprietor, a tanner and currier, had erected for the purposes of his trade. Mr. Slick said, he knew him, and he guessed it was a pity he couldn't keep his wife in as good order as he did his factory.—They don't hitch their horses together well at all. He is properly heppocked, said he; he is afeared to call his soul his own, and he leads the life of a dog; you never see the beat of it, I vow. Did you ever see a rooster hatch a brood of chickens? No, said I, not that I can recollect. Well, then I have, said he, and if he don't look like a fool all the time he is setting on the eggs, it's a pity; no soul could help but laugh to see him. Our old nigger, January Snow, had a spite agin one of father's roosters, seen that he was a coward, and wouldn't fight.—He used to call him Dearborne, arier our General that behaved so ugly to Canada; and says he one day, I guess you are no better than a hen, you everlasting old chicken-hearted villain, and I'll make you a larfin stock to all the poultry. I'll put a trick on you, you'll bear in mind all your born days. So he catches old Dearborne, and pulls all the feathers off his breast, and strips him as naked as when he was born, from his throat clean down to his tail, and then takes a bundle of nettles and gives him a proper switchin that stung him, and made him smart like mad; then he warms some eggs and puts them in a nest, and sets the old cock right to 'em. Well, the warmth of the eggs felt good to the poor critter's naked back, and kinder kept the itchin of the nettles down, and he was glad to bide where he was, and whenever he was tired and got off his skin felt so cold, he'd run right back and squat down agin, and when his feathers began to grow and he got obstroplous, he got another ticklin with the nettles, that made him return double quick to his location. In a little time he learnt the trade real complete.

Now, this John Porter, (and there he is on the bridge I vow, I never seed the beat of that, speak of the old Saytin and he's sure to appear!) well, he's just like old Dearborne only fit to hatch eggs.—When he came to the bridge, Mr. Slick recognized an old acquaintance and customer. He enquired after a bark mill he had smuggled from the States for him, and enlarged on the value of such a machine, and the cleverness of his countrymen who invented such useful and profitable articles, and was recommending a new process of tanning, when a female voice from the house was heard, vociferating, 'John Porter come here this minute.' 'Coming, my dear,' said the husband. 'Come here, I say, directly, why do you stand talking that Yankee villain there? The poor husband hung his head, looked silly, and bidding us good bye, returned slowly to the house. As we drove on, Mr. Slick said, that was me—I did that. Did what? said I. That was that sent him back, I called him and not his wife. I had that as bestowment ever since I was knee high or so; I'm a real complete hand at Ventriquoism; I can take off any man's voice I ever heard to the very finish.—If there was a law agin forgin that, as there is for handwritin, I guess I should have been hanged long ago. I've had high goes with it many a time, but its playin dangerous, and I don't practise it now but seldom.

I had a real about with that are citizen's wife once, and completely broke her in for him; she went as gentle as a circus horse for a space, but he let her have her head again, and she's as bad as ever now. I'll tell you how it was. I was down to the Island a sellin clocks, and who should I meet but John Porter; well, I traded with him for one part cash, part truck, and produce, and also put off on him that rare bark mill you heard me axin him about, and was pretty considerable on in the even before we finished our trade. I came home along with him, and had the clock in the wagon to fix it up for him, and to show him how to regulate it. Well, as we neared the house, he began to fret and take on dreadful uneasy; says he, I hope Jane won't be afeared, cause if she is she'll act ugly, I do suppose. I had heard tell of her afore; how she used to carry a stiff upper lip, and make him and the broomstick well acquainted together; and, says I, why do you put up with her tantrums, I'd make a fair division of the house with her, if it was me. I'd take the inside and allocate her her outside of it pretty quick, that's a fact. Well, when we came to the house, there was no light in it, and the poor critter looked so streaked and down in the mouth, I felt proper sorry for him.—When he rapped at the door, she called out, 'Who's there? It's me, dear, says Porter. You, it is said she, then you may stay where you be, them as gave you your supper, may give you your bed, in

stead of sendin you sneakin home at night like a thief. Said I, in a whisper, says I, Leave her to me, John Porter—just take the horses up to the barn, and see after them, and I'll manage her for you, I'll make her as sweet as sugar candy, never fear. The barn you see is a good piece off the eastward of the house; and as soon as he was cleverly out of hearing, says I, imitation of his voice to the life. Do let me in Jane, says I, that's a dear critter, I've brought you home some things you'll like, I know. Well, she was an awful jealous critter; says she, Take em to her you spent the evenin with, I don't want you nor your presents neither. After a good deal of coaxin I stood on the toberneck, and began to threaten to break the door down; says I, You old unwhimsy lookin sinner, you vinegar crut you, open the door this minute or I'll smash it right in. That gaged her properly, it made her very wrathly (for nothin sets up a woman's spunk like callin her ugly, she gets her back right up like a cat when a strange dog comes near her; she's all eyes, claws and bristles.)

I heard her bounce right out of bed, and she came to the door as she was, dressed, and unbolted it; and as I entered it, she fetched me a box right across my cheek with the flat of her hand, that made it tingle agin. I'll teach you to call names agin, says she, you varmint.

It was just what I wanted; I pushed the door in with my foot, and sezzin her by the arm with one hand, I quitted her with the horsehair real handsum with the other. At first she roared like mad; I'll give you the ten commandments, says she (meaning her ten claws.) I'll pay you for this, you cowardly villain, to strike a woman. How dare you lift your hand, John Porter, to your lawful wife and so on; all the time runnin round and round, like a colt that's a brakin, with the moutin bit, raisin, kickin, and plungin like states. Then she began to give in. Says she, I beg pardon, on my knees I beg pardon—don't murder me, for Heaven's sake—don't dear John, don't murder your poor wife, that's a dear, I'll do as you bid me, I promise to behave well, upon my honor, I do—oh! dear John, do forgive me, do dear. When I had her properly brought too, for havin nothin on but a thin under garment every crack of the whip told like a notch on a baker's tally; says I, take that as a taste of what you'll catch, when you act that way like old Scratch. Now go and dress yourself, and get supper for me and a stranger. I have brought home along with me, and be quick, for I vow I'll be master in my own house. She moened like a dog hit with a stone, half whine, half yelp; dear dear, says she, if I ain't all covered over with welts as big as my finger, I do believe I'm fayed alive; and she booped right out like anything. I guess, said I, you've got 'em where folks won't see 'em, any how, and I calculate you won't be over fard to show 'em where they be. But come, says I, be a sartin, or I'll quit you agin as sure as you're alive—I'll tan your hide for you, you may depend, you old ungainly tempered heifer you.

When I went to the barn, says I, John Porter, you wife made right at me, like one ravin distracted mad, when I opened the door, thinking it was you; and I was obliged to give her a crack or two of the cowskin to get clear of her. It has effected a cure completely; now follow it up and don't let on for your life if you won't that did it, and you'll be master once more in your own house. She all doctry just now, keep her so.—As we returned we saw a light in the kitchen room, the fire was blazin up cheerful, and Marm Porter moved about as brisk as a parched pig, though as silent as dumb, and our supper was ready in no time. As soon as she took her seat and got down, the spring right up on end, as if she sat on a pan of hot coals, and coloured all over; and then tears started in her eyes. Thanks I to myself, I calculate I wrote that are lesson in large letters any how, I read that writin without spellin, and no mistake; I guess you've got pretty well warmed thereabouts this hitch. Then she tried it agin first she set on one leg, then on the other, quite oneasy and then right awit both, a fidgetin about dreadfully like a man that's rode all day on a bad saddle, and lost a little leather on the way. If you had seed how she stared at Porter, it would have made you snicker. She couldn't credit her eyes. He war't drunk, and he war't crazy, but there he sat as pecked and as meek as you please. She seemed all struck up of a heap at her rebellion.—The next day when I was about startin, I advised him to act like a man, and keep the weather gage now he had it, and all would be well; but the poor critter only held on a day or two, she soon got the upper hand of him, and made him confess all, and by all accounts he leads a worse life now than ever. I put that are trick on him just to try him, and I see it is gone goose with him; the jig is up with him, she'll soon call him with a whistle like a dog. I often think of the horrippe she danced there in the dark along with me to the music of my whip—she touched it off in great style, that's a fact. I shall mind that go one while, I promise you. It was scitely equal to a play at old Bowry. You may depend, Squire, the only way to tame a shrew is by the cowskin. Grandfather Slick was raised all along the coast of Kent in old England, and he used to say there was an old saying there, which I expect, is not far off the mark;

"A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree, The more you lick 'em the better they be."

From the Cincinnati Commercial Tableaux.
"Look here, upon this picture, and on this!"
WEDNESDAY night—Scene, Saloon in the Burnet House: Enter, E. P. Norton with the Times, announcing, "Great Trimble Meeting in Buncombe: Hon. E. P. Norton, Hon. A. Hanning Norton, Hon. A. Bartlett Norton, and all the other Nortons will address the assembled multitude;" E. P. Norton (Solus).
"I am the rider of the wind."
The stirrer of the storm:
The hurricane I've left behind—
It yet with lightning warring."
See here! Here's Fame! The name of Norton immortalized, and immortal. My name is Norton; I had heard of battles, and I longed to hold the hat of some tremendous champion. And Heaven soon granted what my size denied.—They cannot say I did not do it; let them shake their gory locks at once. If TRIMBLE ain't elected, MENZIE is, and I've been honored by a kick from the little giant—and Heaven directed me to do the happy deed, prompted by my revenge. Beware my indignation—the deed is done. CHASE is demolished. Down, down to hell and say I sent thee thither!

Enter boy with extras.
Boy—Last news, Chase elected—Sam Melary gives it up.
Norton.—(Snatches the paper) Take any shape but that. Come in the form of tavern bill or serpentine account with aspect dread from tailor issued, and I'll meet thee, but tell me not that—(Reads). Tis even so. Avault! (throws away the paper) and quit my sight—
Boy.—You had better pay for that.
Norton.—Away, away! Bring me no more reports. The times have been that when the brains were out the man would die, and there an end; yet I live.
Boy.—Why do you make such faces? You look but on a stool.
Gentle Bystander.—Fool!

Norton.—Ha! How did you learn my name?
Boy.—Whole State ticket elected—Legislature—all.
Norton.—Did you say, all? O hell! kite! All? What, all my pretty chickens and their d—n, at one fell swoop? O ye Gods! ye Gods! Must I endure all this? Why, what an ass I am! The time is out of joint; O cursed spite! That ever I was born to set it right.—Exit.

The Editorial Profession in California.

EDITORIAL life in California is described in a vein of extravagant humor by one of the fraternity. Referring to the daily duties which devolve upon the members of the press, he gives this order of proceedings to be followed by the editor:

First—Gets up in the morning at ten o'clock; dresses himself, puts on his hat, in which are six or seven bullet holes, and goes to a restaurant for breakfast. After breakfast starts to the office to look over the papers, and discovers that he is called a coward in one of them, a liar in another, and a puppy in another; he smiles at the pleasant prospect of having something to do; fills out and dispatches three blank challenges, a ream or two of which he always keeps on hand, ready printed to save time; commences writing a leader, when as the clock strikes 11, a large man, with a cowhide in one hand, a pistol in the other, and a Bowie knife in his belt, walks in and asks if his name is—; he answers by knocking the intruder down two pair of stairs with a chair.

At 12 o'clock, finds that his challenges have been accepted, and suddenly remembers that he has a little affair of that nature to settle at the beach that day at three o'clock; goes out, kills his man, and then comes in and dines on stewed grizzly; starts for the office, and while going there, gets mixed up in a street row, and has the heel of his boot shot off by accident; laughs to think how beautifully it was done; arrives at his sanctum and finds an "infernal machine" upon the table; knows what it is, and merely picks it out of the window; writes an article on "moral reform," and then starts for the theatre; is attacked on the corner of a dark alley by three men; kills two of them and takes the other to the station house. Returning to the office at eleven o'clock at night, kills a dog with a paving stone; gets run over with a cab, and has the tail of his coat slit by a thrust from a knife, and two bullet holes put through his beaver as he steps within his own door; smiles at his escape; writes until two o'clock, and then turns in with the happy consciousness of having two duels to fight the next day.

Anna and her bashful swain were gazing on the glory of a summer sunset. "You seem animated by the scene," said he.
"No, Benjamin, I shall never be Anna wated until I am your wife," sighed the affectionate girl.
"Not I be Benny-fitted until the same happy epoch," despondingly rejoined Benjamin.

Anybody who supposes that looking a girl in a back-room will prevent her knowing what love means, might as well undertake to keep strawberries from blushing in June, by whispering in their ears about that snow we had last winter.

MISCELLANY.

THE STUDY OF THE LAW.

The number of lawyers at the Philadelphia bar, is so enormous, that not one-third can earn a livelihood at the profession. With many persons this is a reason for discountenancing the study of the law. Even we would not advise a young man who looks to practice law for a living to embark in the profession, unless he feels within himself a peculiar aptitude for it. But where circumstances afford the time and means necessary to mastering this science, we know no study which is more valuable as contributing to mental culture. Whether a man becomes a legislator, preacher or journalist, he is always the abler for having studied law. Even the private citizen is benefitted by this study, for it not only disciplines his mind to a degree which no other science rivals, but assists him to that thorough understanding of the constitution and municipal law which so few possess, yet which is so valuable a part of the education of a republican elector.

Confused as the law appears to the uninitiated, those who have mastered it know it to be a coherent whole. Even those decisions which seem most absurd to one ignorant of law, are logical deductions from admitted axioms of the science. The study of the principles of the law, and the consistent application of those principles to the facts of everyday life, furnish a discipline of mind only rivalled by that afforded by the old scholastic theology. There is, however, this difference in favor of studying the law, that while the scholastic divinity wasted itself on useless disquisitions, the study of the law brings up continually questions of the deepest practical import. Moreover, while the mere idle studies often render men more idle sophists, such is the pressure of actual life, even on the most idle minds in this country, that the study of the law only partially corrects the too great tendency of Americans to neglect a thorough intellectual training. It is useless to deny the fact that our best educated men, unless they have studied law, the inferior or as a general rule, to men of the same pretensions abroad. In studying the law, the faculty of analysis is more eminently developed than in mastering any other science, and therefore this study should be, when possible, part of every complete education.

Nor can either the constitutional or social history of England, the foundation from which the constitutional and social life of the United States has flowed, be traced out understandingly, without a knowledge of the law. The liberties of America did not begin, as the ignorant often suppose, with the Declaration of Independence. They had their origin even before the Habeas Corpus act or Magna Charta. Their beginnings ante-date the famous laws of Alfred themselves. They can be traced back to the free denizens of Germany and Scandinavia, ages before there were Stuarts to behead, Norman oppressors to resist, or Saxon men-at-arms to de-throne. The rudiments of our existing republican institutions were brought over to America in the Mayflower, as before that they had been carried into England by the Vikings and the founders of the Heptarchy. The roots of the great tree of liberty, under whose shade repose thirty millions of Americans now, reach far back into the past, and were watered with the blood of Danish and Saxon freemen centuries ago. The Teuton warriors, who amid the clashing of shields and the shouts of thousands chose their chiefs, were the rudimentary types of the electors, who in this favored land, vote for a President every fourth year.

So also the social history of England is best studied in the law. The early statutes against *mort main* reveal the alarming extent to which the Church, generations before the Reformation, had monopolized land. The distress for rent, which favored the landlord as against other *bona-fide* creditors, tells us significantly of a state of society in which the owners of the soil made the laws exclusively. The terrible enactments against vagrancy, which mark the reigns of Henry the Eighth, and especially of Elizabeth, inform us of the widespread beggary which followed the emancipation of the serfs, without a corresponding grant of lands for their subsistence—a condition of affairs which the alms giving of the monasteries alienated for awhile, but which broke out, as a great public cancer, not yet entirely eradicated, the instant the convents were suppressed. We might cite other examples, but these are sufficient we think, to prove that the study of the law is a valuable aid in mastering the social history of the past, and consequently assisting the student to a complete understanding of the progress of civilization in England and here. It is true that the study of the law may be perverted. It may occasionally render a subtle intellect too subtle, or convert and embryo rascal into a pestiliferous knave. But, in general, the study of this science greatly develops the mind and deepens its culture.—*Dollar Newspaper*.

When you meet with neglect, let it rouse you to exertion, instead of mortifying your pride. Set about lessening those defects which expose you to neglect, and improve those excellences that command attention and respect.

OBSERVATION.—He alone is an acute observer, who can observe minutely without being observed.—*Lawyer*.

The following short paragraphs on the life of Matthew Hale are so much to the point, that I should hardly be excusable, were I to omit them. "Much of the success of every man depends on his diligence. Any talents, however splendid, will fail of accomplishing much without habits of patient and untiring application." We wish this sentiment—trite as it is—could be impressed on all our young men who are planting for honorable distinction in future life. We wish to see less reliance placed on genius and other accidental things, and more placed upon what is in every man's power—a patient and faithful use of the means which God has given him; and particularly in the exercise of a diligence, which, in the pursuit of a worthy object, never grows tired or discouraged. This was one of the causes, marked, evident, every where to be seen, of Hale's great success. When he applied himself seriously to the study of the law—then at the age of twenty—he devoted sixteen hours out of the twenty-four to those investigations which were afterwards to make him so useful and so eminent. His mental labors were incredible, and on any other principle than that of great diligence, impossible. Before he began his practice, he had perused, and abridged in two volumes folio, all the old and new law then extant; had read over a great part of the Records; had looked into the canon and civil law as far as it contributed to a knowledge of the common law; and in short, had read whatever was to be found in law, history or other books, whether in print or manuscript, which he thought would advance him in the knowledge of his profession. Then as to time: "there is much wasted even by diligent men." This is owing to a want of plan and system, and general previous arrangement in the use of it. Hale always had his work marked out. There was something for every hour, and an hour for every demand upon his exertions. Time and the employment of it, were appointed to each other. The fragments were gathered up that nothing might be lost. Indeed, in the life of such a man, there will be but few fragments; systematic arrangements will prevent it.—*Todd*.

Life as it is.

Let us make an excursion down the street, and see what we can learn.—Yonder is the wreck of a rich man's son. He was permitted to go without employment, went and came as he pleased, and spent his time in the gratification of his passions, desires, and inclinations, with no one to check him when his course was evil or to encourage him in the way of wisdom. His father was rich, and for that reason the son thought he had nothing to do—no part in honest labor.

Well, the father died, and the son inherited a portion of his immense wealth, and never having earned money by honest toil, he knew not the value of it; having no knowledge of business, he knew not how to use it. So he gave loose reins to his appetites and passions, and ran at a rapid pace down the broad road to dissipation. Now behold him, a broken down man, bowed with infirmity, a mere wreck of what he was, both physically and mentally. His money is gone, and he lives on the charity of those whose hearts are open to pity. Such is the fate of hundreds and thousands that are born to fortune.

And there, on the opposite side, in that comfortable mansion, lives the son of a poor cobbler. Fifteen years ago, he left the humble roof of his parents, and went forth into the broad world alone to seek his fortune. All his treasure consisted of his chest of tools, a good knowledge of his trade, honest principles, industrious habits, and twenty-five cents. Now he is the owner of that elegant mansion—he is doing a thriving business, possesses an unbroken constitution, and bids fair to live to great old age. And such is the lot of thousands who never beamed of wealthy parentage.

Go into the city, and you will almost invariably find that the most enterprising men are of poor parentage—men who have had to row against wind and tide; while, on the other hand, a majority of the descendants of wealthy men have but a mediocrity of talents, live a short time, like drones, on the labor of others, and then go down to untimely graves.

What a lesson should this teach to those who are, by every means—fair or foul—accumulating treasures for their children!

If the rich would train up their children to regular habits of industry, very many of them could be saved from idleness, misery, and an untimely end.—*Thomas Ritchey*.

Why Common Sense is so Rare.

It is often said that no kind of sense is so rare as common sense; and this is true, simply because common sense is attained by all far more, and so a natural gift far less than most other kinds of character. Common sense is the application of thought to common things, and it is rare because most persons will not exercise their thought about common things. If some important affairs concern people then they try to think, but to very little purpose; because, not having exercised their mind on small things, their powers lack the development necessary for great ones. Hence, thoughtful people, when forced to act in an affair of importance, blunder through it with no more chance of doing as they should than one would have of hitting a ball or distant mark with a bow without previous practice. Hence, the great secret of hitting objects that are common and near.—*Elements of Character*.

Precept whispers, example thunders. The present moment alone is ours.